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A CONGRATULATORY EPITHALAMIUM,
OR
S P E E C H
ON THE
A R R I V A L
OF HER
Royal Highness,
AND
HAPPY MARRIAGE
TO THE
M^OST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
J A M E S
DUKE OF YORK:

L O N D O N,
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INTO
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MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
JAMES
DUKE OF YORK.

London
MDCCLXXIII

On the Arrival of Her Royall Highness, and Happy
Marriage to the most Illustrious Prince JAMES,
Duke of YORK, &c.

WHilst now the Sun-retiring, Mews his Beams, that
And gilds the Days with none but SICKLY Gleams;
What New-sprung Light breaks from our East, to bring
In Depth of Winter this unlook'd for Spring?
What Second Venus do our wondring Eyes
Behold, from Neptunes Azure Bosom Rise?
Thus I enquir'd, when the loud Breath of Fame
Straight Blest my Ears, with Fair MODENA's Name
A Princess! That adds Lustre to Her Race,
And's made by Heav'n the Store-house of each Grace;
Attracted by Chast Love's Magnetick Charms,
Thus Northward to her Mighty JAMES's Arms;
We did to Italy a Conquest owe,
Since Casar wrought the Britains overthrow.
Love makes Reprisals now, and brings from thence,
A Trophy of a greater Excellence,
As Sheba once, led by the Noise of Fame
To Solomon, from distant Regions came;
So YORK's Renown, which through the World is spread,
Invites this Virgin Princess to his Bed:
Who through a Tedium Journey does Advance,
Traversing all the Continent of France;
Whose proudest Beauties, Envyng at her Fate,
Must yet pay Homage to her greater State;
And with Regret Conduct her to the Sea,
Each Blushing Princess wishing thad been Shee.
News of YORK's Bride to Neptunes Court doth run;
YORK! that so many Wonders There had done;
And straight the busy Sea-Nymphs call each other,
To shew their Duty to their Sov'reigns Brother;
Mounted on swiftest Dolphins Backs, they come
And Dance about the Ship should bring her Home.
When first she Launch'd, the Atabittous Waves no more
VVould Kiss the Lips of the forsaken Shore;
But Proud of such Rich Freight, began t' Aspire,
As if they'd Quench the Elemental Fire;
So that Philosophers since scarce agee,
VWhether the Earth, or Ocean highest be.
The trembling Compass had forgot to stir,
Instead o'th North-Pole, pointing still at Her;
At which the Pilot wonders, till he spies
Two North-Poles Culminant at once, Her Eyes.
The Jolly Seamen, when she Breathed, thought
The Precious Amber 'bout their Ship did Float.
And if at all sweet Zephyrus did stir,
Twas not to Blow, But suck fresh Breath from Her:
But see! Fair Albions Rocks do yonder stand,
And Neptune must Resigne Her to the Land;

VWho vext to part so with the Prize he bore,
 VVith sullen Murmurs, chides the happier Shore;
 'Till that with Roaring Cannons does affright
 Him back, and makes him quit the Glorious Sight:
 Mean time our Nobles Crowd & Admire her Charms,
 VVhilst the Brave Duke Receives Her in His Arms;
 And Heavens Ambassador prepared stands on Hill
 In Sacred Ties, to Link their ~~and~~ hands.
 Hencelorth no more, They Nigher glaring Nix
 Shall know, nor Measure Hours by Son or Moon,
 But Kisses as they oft repeated flow,
 Shall score Minutes, and their Embraces show on Glass
 Our duller Age, how all the Hours pass,
 VVithout the Help of Tyme's Worm-eaten Glass.
 Astrologers shall by their Motions make
 The Year, and from their kind Conjunctions take
 Rules to Compose Love a New-Almanack,
 But to describe their Pleasures, is as far
 Above our Reach, as their Just Praises are.
 To Fadome either Ocean, we Despair,
 And only dare Address to Heav'n a Pray'r,
 VVith Zealous Wishes for this Glorious Pair.

May Blessings Rich and Fragrant Crown their Heads,
 As the mild Heav'n on blushing Roses sheds;
 Fresh as the Hours, may all their Pleasures be,
 Healthful and Lasting as Eternity.
 Soft as Themselves, run their whole Lives, and Clear
 As their unflar'ring Glass, or what Shines there;
 Smooth as Heav'n's Face in Spring, and Bright as She
 When dazzling, without Mask or Tiffany.
 VVith no one Yore, may their Calm thoughts e're meet,
 But Peace as Silent as Tyme's Woolly Feet.
 Like the days Warmth, may all their Comforts be
 Unsoil'd for, and ever Serene as He,
 Yet Free and Full, as is that Golden Sheaf
 Of Sun-Beams, Gilding every drooping Leaf;
 VVhen Tyrant Heat of the Mid-Day Expires,
 And his descending Seeds Breath milder Fires.
 And as those Parcell'd-Glories, Sol doth shed,
 Are the fair Issue of his flaming Head;
 VVhich ne'r so Scattered, or Remote, are knowne
 By th' Heat and Native Lustre for his own:
 So may each happy Branch of theirs we see,
 Their Lively Copies, and our Wonders be.
 And when no more on Earth they shall remain,
 But are Invited Home, to Heav'n again;
 Then may the Glories of their Virtuous Flames,
 Live in those Heits of their Illustrious Names;
 And teach th' obliged VWorld this Mystery,
 To enjoy Themselves in Their Posterity.
 So They to both VWorlds, shall Rich Presents bring,
 And gather'd up to Heav'n, leave here a Spring.

